

[illegible][illegible]

### DAY 3

(Vulcan - Botanical Gardens - ACOUNS ACMO LT JG Ariel Trei - 19.10)

## DAY 4

(USS Illuminar - Holodeck 1 - COps/3rdO Lieutenant Dieter Gregory - 22:00)

## DAY 5

(Vulcan - ShiKahr- Bazaar-Café Donabula- CMO Lt. Quinna Solice – 1230)

(Vulcan - ShiKahr- Bazaar- Davelahn – 1632)

## DAY 6

(USS Illuminar - Officer Quarters - Ensign Scott Matrix - 0133)

(Vulcan - ShiKahr – Nivar Institute– Neural Treatment Room 2- CTO Ensign T'Mur – 0437)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 11 - Engineering - Engineers Mate Peter Preston - 0900)

(USS Illuminar – Deck 11, Main Engineering - Ensign Scott Matrix- 0911)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 11 - Main Engineering - Engineer's Mate Peter Preston - 0912)

(USS Illiminar - Deck 10 - Main Shuttlebay - Engineer's Mate Peter Preston - 0920)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 10 -Main Shuttlebay - Engineers Mate Peter Preston - 0925)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 10 - Main Shuttlebay - EO Ensign John Bigboote – 0926)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 10 - Main Shuttlebay - Engineers Mate Peter Preston - 0930)

The following message was sent to all Starships. Captain and Chief of Security were the recipients.

(Vulcan - ShiKahr- Nivar Suites– CO- Captain Sekal and Commander Sienna Verin- 1200)

(USS Illuminar – Deck 4, Crew Quarters - Ensign Scott Matrix- 2311)

## DAY 7

(Vulcan - ShiKahr- City Streets -FO Commander Sienna Williams-Verin– 1500)

## DAY 12

(Vulcan - ShiKahr – Nivar Institute– Neural Treatment Room 2- CTO Ensign T'Mur – 2358)

## DAY 13

(Vulcan - ShiKahr- Nivar Institute - Dr. Felicity Tate - 0830)

(Vulcan - ShiKahr- Nivar Institute - CMO Lt. Quinna Solice - 0845)

(Vulcan - ShiKahr- Nivar Institute - Neural Treatment Suite- Dr. Felicity Tate - 0925)

(Vulcan - ShiKahr – Nivar Institute– Neural Treatment Room 2- CTO Ensign T'Mur – 0930)

(Vulcan - ShiKahr- Nivar Institute - Neural Treatment Suite- CMO Lt. Quinna Solice- 0945)

(Vulcan - ShiKahr - Transportation hub - Repairs Station - Bohb – 1313)

## DAY 14

(Vulcan - ShiKahr – Nivar Institute– Patient Room - CMO Lt Quinna Solice – 0830)

(Vulcan - ShiKahr – Nivar Institute– Patient Room – CTO Ensign T'Mur – 0831)

(Vulcan - ShiKahr – Nivar Institute– Patient Room – CMO Lt. Quinna Solice – 0840)

(Vulcan - ShiKahr – Nivar Institute– Patient Room – CTO Ensign T'Mur – 0843)

[illegible]

(Vulcan - Hospital ER - ACOUNS ACMO LT JG Ariel Trei - 17.05)

She waited with T'Lov until word came back on the condition of Shola. She was a bit mad that Reea didn't mention her effort in getting Shola stable enough to transport to the hospital. She will have to discuss that with her later. She held the hand of T'Lov to comfort her because using her empathic skills

are prohibited in this situation. She asked T'Lov if she wanted to talk about it. She has seen several times that it was very helpful to have people talk about what they are going through.

"It will be OK Honey. Do you want to talk about it?"

(Reply Any)

(Posted by Edward)

[illegible]

(Vulcan - Botanical Gardens - Counselor Ensign jg Reea - 1901)

Reea was sitting on a bench in the botanical garden, near the place Shola was bitten by the starfly, a water bottle in her lap. Thoughts about the incident filled her mind.

Reea was having fun with Shola and T'Lov. The girls genuinely cared for each other, which surprised Reea. The logical Vulcan and the passionate Andorian didn't seem like a match, though at age twelve, how ruled by logic could T'Lov be? Watching them interact and seeing their interest in her and the things she had experienced on Earth, gave Reea a warm feeling inside like nothing she'd ever felt. That explained why Reea was filled with guilt.

Not having her field medical kit wasn't a bad thing and Reea hadn't done wrong by not bringing it. The crew was on shore leave on a safe planet. If something went wrong, there were many people and places to find help. Not having her comm badge was the mistake she made.

Again, Vulcan was a safe place, but a Starfleet officer was to always be prepared and ready for the unexpected, even while off duty. Having the means to contact the ship or one of the other crew, was part of that readiness. The badge didn't need to be worn; setting it in a pocket worked, but having it was what mattered. Reea had simply forgotten it, and that could have led to a tragic end.

If that wasn't bad enough, when Shola had fallen ill, Reea almost panicked. She had gone through extensive training and practice at Starfleet Medical. She was fully qualified and knew what to do. The problem was, it had all been holo simulations. No matter how realistic, she had always known it wasn't a real emergency and someone's life or health wasn't on the line. The first time she face a true life-or-death scenario, she almost failed the person that needed her. Knowing that she didn't lose it and she did save Shola, wasn't helping for some reason.

Why was she focusing more on what she did wrong over what she did right? She treated the girl and got her the advanced care she needed. The final result was good. She supposed an old adage was true. A person learned more from their failures than from their successes. She definitely wouldn't be leaving her comm badge behind ever again.

Taking a gulp of water, Reea sighed. Her entire life was ahead of her. There was so much to do and see, so much profit to earn. She couldn't ruin that by making a terrible mistake.

(reply any)

(posted by Renee Bishop)

[illegible]

(Vulcan - Botanical Gardens - ACOUNS ACMO LT JG Ariel Trei - 19.05)

Ariel approached Reea sitting on the bench and sat next to her. She wanted to talk with her about not giving her credit for the epi pen and the breathing treatment given to Shola. She was not mad about that per se but did not appreciate being left out of the report to the doctors. Before she returned to the gardens, she had some dinner at a café near the gardens. She turned to face Reea.

""Why didn't you include my efforts to save Shola in the report to the doctors?"

(Reply Reea)

(Posted by Edward)

[illegible]

(Vulcan - Botanical Gardens - Counselor Ensign jg Reea - 1907)

Reea was sitting on the bench in the botanical gardens, still deep in thought about what had happened. Before leaving the hospital, she had a chance to talk with Shola. The young Andorian was weak, but she was going to recover. They were able to be together for only a few minutes, so Shola made Reea promise to come see her again before the Illuminar had to leave. Reea was going to keep that promise.

Reea had originally come to Vulcan to determine if there were any insects she could add to her menu. She found several, and she was looking forward to trying them, but after the emergency, her heart wasn't in it anymore. She felt she should return to the Illuminar and spend her time reading, studying, and learning the ship and crew. It was probably best.

The sound of someone approaching, brought Reea out of her reverie. Glancing to her right, she saw Ariel.

"Why didn't you include my efforts to save Shola in the report to the doctors?" said Ariel after sitting next to Reea.

Reea wrinkled her nose, unsure how to react. Was Ariel seeking credit? Did she want recognition? Reea didn't know her well enough to have the answers.

There was an awkward silence as Reea considered the question. Ariel was the senior counselor and assistant CMO. Was this an official, departmental inquiry? Had Reea violated a procedure? Did she not follow an implemented rule? Was she in trouble? It was wise to tread carefully.

"It was an emergency situation," said Reea. "It had already taken too much time to get Shola to the hospital. I gave the doctors the information they needed at the time." She thought about saying it wasn't supposed to be who did what, but she kept that to herself.

"It was my first time with a patient where their life was on the line," said Reea. "If I did something wrong, I apologize."

Reea hoped she was correctly reading the situation.

(reply Ariel)

(posted by Renee Bishop)



is kind and loving and... well... to be honest he is not a selfish lover, in my experience, But he he always manages to keep an emotional distance.”

She shrugged her shoulders and added “As for my “story”, Dieter and I have had some fun. Nothing more. Would I like more? I don’t know. For me things are good the way they are. If it works don’t fix it.”

She started walking again, “Look Lieutenant, you seem to be a genuinely nice person. Can I give you a word of advice. I’ve been in the entertainment field for a long time and I have seen a lot of types. Dieter likes to have his fun. But it’s always no strings attached. If you are having thoughts of tying him down... well I wish you luck. Let me ask you a question. What do you want from Dieter Gregory?”

“Well that’s what we were talking about just now. I’m not looking for anything in particular from Dieter. I just like him and enjoy his company.” He sighed. “I’m sorry, I’m new at this. Before now I’ve only been in monogamous and committed relationships so this is new territory for me. I suppose I’m just a bit uneasy at the moment. And any insight would be helpful. I’m sure as time goes on I’ll be more at ease with the arrangement. But like I said I’m new and I’m not sure how exactly to act. And now I’m rambling and don’t know if I’m making any sense.”

Diane chuckled and shook her head. It had been a long time since she’d seen a true newbie to the world of frivolous relationships. His naivety was kind of cute, perhaps even endearing. It wasn’t that Diane was a woman of loose morals. She was, in fact, a very discerning dater. However, she had seen her fair share of relationships, good and bad. She’d been through several herself.

“Listen,” she said, “if you are serious about Dieter don’t chase after him. Don’t smother him. That will only chase him away. If you care for him, you have to care for him as he is, and accept that he is far from monogamous himself as you are close to it. You have a choice. You can be open to who he is, or you can move on. Now that doesn’t mean you should leap into the depths of perversions or lechery, however, you can dip your toe in the pool of what lays beyond your experience. But the bottom line is, you have to be true to who you are.”

Jaton nodded. “I see. Well I suppose I did the whole monogamy thing and was heading towards marriage before life got in the way.”

Diane smiled, “Life has a way of doing that. What part of life got in your way of your monogamous bliss?”

“Long story. I’ll tell you later. In any case, maybe it’s time to try something new. And after all, it may be fun.” Jaton gave her a smile. “What about you? I assume you’re the same?”

“Let’s just say that I was in business with someone that fell for, and he... did not live up to the expectation or promise that he had made. Let’s just say that everybody knew his name and what it stood for and I almost got arrested for his actions.”

She turned and put a hand on Allyl's shoulder, "Look, if you're interested in putting your toe in the pool come to the Rec Room tonight. Drink a little, play darts a little, and see what happens. You said it yourself, you need to have some fun."

Then she reached up and stroked his neck spots, “Besides, you’re kind of cute. It might be interesting to see how far these spots go.”

Jaton paused for a moment. He was still getting used to the idea of multiple partners, so this seemed a bit sudden. But if he was going to stick his toe in, he might as well do it now. He cupped Diane's hand, caressing it softly. "Play your cards right, and you might just find out," he murmured flirtatiously.

Diane laughed coquettishly, and stepped away, "Now that's the spirit. I will see you tonight. I hope your dart game is up to par... and that you can hold your liquor."

With that the door to the turbolift opened and Diane stepped inside. “See you soon new kid in the pool.” She winked and blew him a kiss as the door closed.

(reply None)

(posted by Al Muir and Spencer)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 3 - Gregory's Quaters - COps/3rdO Lieutenant Dieter Gregory - 18:55)

"There are still parts of the Rec Room that require a more thorough accountability. There is a darts and drinking contest tonight. Drinking starts at 2100, but if you come late you can catch up the others and still play darts. You just have to be the last man standing at the end. We can see how things measure up after that." Diane said. Turning her gaze to Jayton, "And your friend? Is he a player or a spectator?"

Gregory chuckled, "Lets say that the spots go all the way done." Smiling at Jatón, "Jatón is more of the active sort than someone to passively watch by the sidelines, part of the reason he stopped by. Never hurts to see how well he plays darts. "

As he finished dressing, the conversation wound down, with first Diane, then Jaton leaving.

Shaking his head, he checked his uniform in the mirror one more time. What was the old expression? "May you live in interesting times." Well things certainly got interesting on the Illuminar.

With that thought, he headed out to meet his fate.

(Reply None)

(Posted by Tim)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 5 - Holodeck 1 - COps/3rdO Lieutenant Dieter Gregory - 1905)

Straightening his uniform, he entered the holodeck. The space transformed to Captain's ready room. Sitting on the couch across from the desk was a short man with dark hair wearing in a velvet gray tunic

with silver shoulder buttons and white edging. The trousers were also gray with white piping. Gregory had not seen such a uniform before.

The man stood up, all 5 foot or so of him tall and looked at Gregory with his grey eyes. "I am Admiral Naismith, of the Dendarii Mercenaries," he said by way of introduction. "I am here to brief you on this exercise, so pay attention."

The man started to pace, "Oh, for gosh sake, sit down."

Gregory took a seat. "No, not there, on the other side of the desk. Are you dense man? That side," he pointed to the far side of the desk, "is where the Captain sits, and for the purposes of this exercise, that is you." he accentuated his words by poking Gregory in the chest, pushing the Lieutenant to the proper chair.

With Gregory sitting, Naismith started pacing on the other side of the desk. His frenetic energy as he began to speak. "You are assigned to this ship, a New Orleans class frigate, the USS Jefferson. You are on patrol in this sector where several cargo transports have disappeared without a trace. Your crew is experienced, an average of 5 years in StarFleet, two years on this ship."

"This sector has three stars with M class planets, and the most advanced is equivalent to Earth, circa 1800. However, it is on an ideal trade route that has been used for over a century. The cargo transports have all been carrying various minerals that were mined from this asteroid belt," he said, pointing to a star chart. "The disappearances have occurred in this region of space," he highlighted a region of space. "There is a transport that will be traversing this space shortly. It is the Tellarite freighter Phindhra. The captain of the ship is Crorc Xallaos."

"Do you have questions, Lieutenant?"

Gregory looked at the Admiral "Sir, the mission is to attempt to identify why cargo transports have been disappearing in a sector that is low technology. We have a stalking horse in the shape of a Tellarite freighter. I am to assume we are also to do what we can to prevent the freighter from disappearing?"

"Very good Lieutenant. You do think. Maybe there is hope for you yet, now go and take command."

Gregory stood, "Aye, Sir."

Walking onto the bridge, he looked around. The bridge was quiet other than the sounds of instruments. He moved to the Captain's chair and sat down.

"Status," he said.

The man to his right spoke, "All systems are nominal sir. We are tracking the Phindhra at the moment on long range scanners. "

"Any other disturbances?"



“Scanners are clear Sir,” called the science officer. “We have charted all subspace anomalies and those are fed into navigation.”

“How long to get a pair of class I probes on station in and around the target space?”

"Ten minutes from launch at max speed," replied the Science officer.

"Alright, make it so. There is no such thing as space ghosts, and technology always leaves a trace. Have the probes focus around propulsion particles. Also follow the tachyon eddies."

"Aye sir. Probes are ready."

"Launch probes. Now we wait."

Gregory watched the crew do their jobs. This was the hardest part of the command chair. He quietly reviewed what they knew with the first officer when the science officer spoke up. "Sir, we are reading an unusual particle field 500,000 km from the Phindhra. There is some odd scattering field impacting the sensors."

"Tactical, arm weapons. Helm, take us to that region. About 50,000 km above the Phindhra. Yellow alert."

(Reply None)

(Posted by Tim)

[illegible]

^Program complete. Please enter when ready,^ said the computer.

After spending a few hours writing the holosuite program, Keung Lee was ready to see the results. The holosuite doors swished open and Lee excitedly entered into the holosuite environment.

The computer had created a 12-lane bowling alley furnished with electronic scoreboards, comfortable seating, a bar and café. At the end of each lane was an automatic scoring panel and a speedometer feature displaying how fast each bowl was delivered.

The walls were adored with photographs of 20/21st Century celebrities and classic advertisements! Lee walked around the room with a sense of pride. At the moment there was no other person around other than Lee.

It was silent as there was nobody in the room which was not surprising as Lee only sent out a general invitation to the crew to join in. There was something quite not right. "Computer, populate the room with quests.and play background music as programmed..

"Computer... background music, as programmed."

Late 20/21st century rock music boomed throughout the bowling alley. The place was filled with people eating, drinking and playing ten pin in on most of the bowling alleys.

Lee smiled thinking about the looks on the faces of his crewmates as he had discovered that ten pin bowling died out around the late 21st Century. He suspected most people, mostly humans would have probably read it about in their history vids.

{A BIT LATER}

"The idea of the game," Lee explained to a group of onlookers, "is to knock down all those pins with this bowling ball. Each game is made up of ten frames. You get to bowl two balls per frame in turn. You take the ball, stand at the black line and bowl the ball down the lane. You gain points by knocking over the pins. Of course, you get nothing if your ball goes into the 'drain'.

(reply any)

"Let me show you," Lee told the group. He selected a ball from the rack and cradled the ball gently in both hands. Stepping onto the lane, he aimed the ball and took four steps to the black line and swung the ball into the lane. The ball speedily rolled down the middle of the lane and collided with the pins with a loud crash. "Nothing to it," he concluded

"Let me try!" said an excitable Carol Linnis

Carol stepped up and carefully picked out a ball, before hesitantly walking out to the lane. Lee gestured for her to throw the ball. The assistant chief of security did exactly as Lee did before - except that his ball travelled two-thirds of the lane before it plopped with a sad noise into the gutter.

(reply anyone)

"Don't just release the ball, Carol," explained Lee. "You need to direct the ball with a small push. Here, try again."

On her second attempt, the ball managed to reach the far end and knocked over a handful of pins, and she smiled ruefully. "I'm getting the hang of this."

"I want to show you something." Lee picked up the ball and rolled the ball. The ball smashed into the middle of the pins and all the pins fell. Lee turned round at his audience, pumping his fist in the air. "Now that's what you call a strike! A strike is when you knock down all ten pins at your first attempt in a single frame. Two strikes in a row are called a double, three strikes in a row are called a Turkey, while four and five strikes in a row are called four/five-bagger(s) and so on and so forth. A strike is commonly indicated with an "X".on the score board."

"So how do you score points?" asked Crewman Kida Ekoice, one of the security officers who was Betazoid

(reply anyone)  
(posted by John)

“Of course, it’s open to anyone to play. Have you played before” asked Keung, who keeping a discrete eye on another Kington who juggling two balls. “Have you played before?”

“I wouldn’t worry about that.” Said Lee, pointing to some of the players “Go for it. Okay anyone let me remind you of the rules again.”

(Played by John)

Skashe was bored and looking for some entertainment. He whistled as he sauntered by the holodecks looking at the active programs. "Bowling? A sport using dinnerware perhaps? Surely not, I've got to check and see what's going on."

He stepped up to the door and through and his jaw dropped at the sight. There were ten long lanes of wood. Gutters ran along the sides and people were throwing large balls down the lanes trying to knock down a pyramid shaped setting of cones or something.

The Chief of Security seemed to be directing things. There was a booth in the corner to the left where a young woman was standing and she beckoned him over. She was a knockout and he stifled an appreciative whistle. There were shelves filled with nothing but shoes behind her.

"What's your shoe size doll?"

"My shoe size? Ah. 11 E."

She turned and leaned over a bit to grab a pair of shoes while Skashe admired her curves. His eyes returned to her face as she turned back around and placed them on the counter. "Here ya go."

"Thanks. I'm supposed to return these when done?"

"First timer aye?"

"No but my first time here." He gave her a grin and wink.

She giggled. "You'll want to get a ball then."

He opened his mouth then thought better of it and changed what he was going to say. "Thanks."

"You're cute, come back anytime." She had been writing on a slip of paper and slid it to him. "Call me."

"Oh I will." He slipped the paper into a pocket. What time are you getting off?"

"Up to you doll. My shift ends in an hour."

"I'll be back." He walked away with a smile.

His next stop netted him an electric blue ball of 11 pounds. He took his new tools to a lane and parked his kiester on a bench then watched the form of the other participants as he was lacing the shoes.

(Reply: Any)

(Posted by Charles G)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 5 - Holodeck 2 – ME Mason Quincy– 2025)

"I played as a kid but I am not very good at it." Mason admitted.

"I wouldn't worry about that." Said Lee, pointing to some of the players "Go for it. Okay anyone let me remind you of the rules again."

(Reply any)

Mason started looking for a ball to play with. He wanted something heavy enough to make it down the lane strongly but light enough to pick up. Mason was looking for his perfect balance. While at the lane, Mason noticed a food stand that also had bottles of Beer. He went to the vendor and found himself a miller lite in the bottle.

He sat there nursing his beer as Lee explained the rules. It all came back to him.

(Reply Any)

(Poster by Kris)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Holodeck 1 - COps/3rdO Lieutenant Dieter Gregory - 22:00)

The holodeck changed. Gone was the bridge of the USS Jefferson. In it's place was a table with four chairs around it. Over the table was a display of the area of space the Gregory and the Jefferson had been engaged in.

Admiral Naismith stood up, "Sit down Lieutenant and let's have a self evaluation of this drill. Walk me through your actions."

Gregory took a seat. "After sending out two probes, I moved us closer to the Tellarite freighter. We moved to a position above it to improve our scanning abilities. Combined with the probes data, we began a game of hide and seek. The target was not cloaked, but was using some other method of obscuring itself from our sensors. After about thirty minutes of this, the science team was able to isolate three frequencies that appeared to be consistent and moving. In a routine scan, they would have been missed."

"With those frequencies plugged in, we plotted a course intended make it look like the Jefferson was breaking off, but would put us in a position to respond to the unknown ship should it engage the freighter. Which they did by moving behind, and firing some sort of energy disruption device. The

science team began analysis of the readouts from the device as we moved in to intercept. The vessel latched a tractor beam onto the freighter as we arrived."

"I hailed the vessel, but there was no response. I tried a second time and finally a third. With no response and a plea from the Tellurian Captain, we engaged the enemy. Initially targeted the tractor beam generators. We got a single burst in before they cut the freighter loose and raised their shields. While the freighter made it's escape, we continued to tag the enemy vessel. They returned fire with their energy weapon, but our shields held."

"I directed tactical to take out their engines. I figured that once she was disabled, we might be able to raise them."

"We fired one burst from the phasers, scoring a direct hit. Not enough for what happened next."

Naismith looked at him, "And that was?"

"The ship exploded. I don't know what I would have done differently. It seems a freak hit that must have caused damage to their energy systems. I would have liked to take the ship intact, to learn more about it."

The Admiral nodded. "You succeeded in the primary mission. I would grade you a 90%. I am not as happy with your position above the freighter, when your main power is on your saucer section. Good job using the probes. You won't always have the luxury. I would recommend you read 'Submarine Tactics by Admiral Bart Mancuso.' His words and observations are valid today as they were in the 21st century. Pay attention to the chapter on three dimensional thinking. It is a weakness of many and something you need to overcome to be a top line Star Fleet Captain. You are dismissed. Your next exercise will be in 48 hours."

Gregory nodded, wondering why a hologram was telling him about his next exercise. "Aye, Sir," he responded automatically.

With that, the holodeck returned to its normal appearance.

It was time to go play some darts and think about three dimensional space. Something he thought he was good at.

(Reply None)  
(Posted by Tim)

[illegible]

>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>DAY 5>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>  
(Vulcan - ShiKahr- Luxury Suites- Lobby Café-CMO Lt. Quinna Solice – 1030)

Quinna felt ok leaving the confines of the medical institute. She had been there early in the morning checking in on T'Mur and her vital signs. She was satisfied with the procedure so far. She now sat in

the cafe. The Vulcan was accommodating in providing some limited selections from Earth. Quinna was just satisfied with coffee and toast. Now all she needed to do was wait to see if Davelahn would show.

As she sipped on her coffee and waited, she wished that she had bought an outfit that was not her uniform. But then she never thought she would be leaving the medical institute.

(reply Davelahn)

(Posted by Kris)

[illegible]

(Vulcan - ShiKahr- Luxury Suites- Lobby Café- Davelahn – 1100)

When Davelahn walked into the café he did not have any problems locating Quinna. She was the only one there in a blue medical uniform. He wondered if she ever wore anything else. Perhaps she was simply not interested in wearing anything else. That might be where he might begin her shopping experience.

He walked over to the table where she was sitting, consuming a beverage. “Greetings, Dr. Quinna. Are you ready for an experience at the ShiKahr Bizarre?”

(reply Quinna)

As they headed out the door Daevelahn looked over at his companion.

“How has your research been coming along?”

(reply Solice)

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

(Vulcan - ShiKahr- Luxury Suites- Lobby Café- CMO Lt. Quinna Solice- 1105)

“Greetings, Dr. Quinna. Are you ready for an experience at the ShiKahr Bizarre?” Quinna turned to the familiar voice.

“Good Morning. Well late morning.” Quinna adjusted. She stood, “Lead the way.”

“How has your research been coming along?”

“My research is progressing” Quinna starred, some of the natural herbs are promising. “ Quinna said with an optimistic tone. “So what is the mission? I am curious what you are searching for?”

(Reply Davelahn)

"I am in your hands. Where shall we start looking?" Quinna asked as they walked down the boulevard.

(Reply Davelahn)

[illegible][illegible]



(reply Quinna)

He moved over to the entrance and opened the doors. The cool air of the temperature controlled building flowed over them and cooled the perspiration that had already started to appear on his forehead

and his back. Once inside they were met with the sights and sounds of one of the most spectacular collection of shops. There were purveyors of products from almost any planet and race that one could imagine. The corridor down the middle of the Bizarre was narrow, but went long beyond the visual spectrum of the average beings.

The next thing that met them was the smells of various foods, from the simple to the exotic. Some odors that were difficult to identify, or even identify as food. Some of the fragrances were perfumes and incense from multiple cultures. The smell assaulted the typical beings olfactory senses in an almost dizzying manner. It was spectacular.

(reply Quinna)

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

(Vulcan - ShiKahr- Bizarre- CMO Lt. Quinna Solice – 1145)

When they reached the Bizarre, Quinna was awestruck. It was something she was not suspecting. Quinna pictured more of an outdoor setting. She started to get a little warm. "This is more amazing than what I had in mind."

“You should see it at night. It is ... spectacular. However, at this time of the day it will not be as busy as the midday heat can be overwhelming. Most of the patrons at this time will be Vulcan so you will not have all of the emotionally based negotiations that you might experience in the cooler night hours”

“So I should receive a more authentic experience. That would be pleasing.” Quinna said.

The next thing that met them was the smells of various foods, from the simple to the exotic. Some odors that were difficult to identify, or even identify as food. Some of the fragrances were perfumes and incense from multiple cultures. The smell assaulted the typical beings olfactory senses in an almost dizzying manner. It was spectacular.

Quinna felt a bit overwhelmed with the smells, the activity was everywhere. One of the first places Quinna found was a spice vendor. Her brain kicked in and she pulled a tricorder that she had brought with her. She was looking for that all healing herb. "I am sorry. I guess you can take the girl away from work, but you cannot take the work away from the girl."

(Reply Davelahn)

“You know, I am a bit hungry.” Quinna Admitted. As they walked, Quinna had what seemed to be a million questions in her mind. “You do seem to know about me, I am curious about you.”

(Reply Davelahn)

“So you say you traveled here. Where are you from?”

(Reply Davelahn)

(posted by Kris B)

[illegible]

(Vulcan - ShiKahr-Bazaar- CMO Lt. Quinna Solice – 1153)

“What is the name of your ship?” he asked.

Quinna thought that was a weird question to ask, but answered, “The Illuminar.” She then looked up. She noted hot blazing hot hit had to be that the two of them were drinking Bizarros whole Buzzards were buzzing around in the bizarre bazaar.

Quinna pointed upwards, "That is a bizarre sight, they look like Buzzards from Earth."

(Reply Davelahn)

“On Earth buzzards usually circle death.” Quinna leaned in closer, “I am not about to die, am I?” She ended with a respectful snicker.

(Reply Davelahn)

(posted by Kris)

[illegible]

(Vulcan - ShiKahr- Bazaar- Café Donabula- Davelahn – 1155)

"The Illuminar," Quinna answered.

Davelahn watched Quinna as she looked around the bazaar. Then she looked up and a bizarre look came across her face as she pointed up.

"That is a bizarre sight, they look like Buzzards from Earth," she said.

Davelahn nodded and took a sip from his Bizarro. "The bazaar has a series of telepathic sensors which can allow the visitor to see things from their own world which are affected by their thoughts."

I have heard of people seeing many bizarre visions while they were here. Buzzards... indeed... very curious."

“On Earth buzzards usually circle death.” Quinna leaned in closer, “I am not about to die, am I?” She ended with a respectful snicker.

Davelahn shook his head, "That is highly unlikely, unless you have already been contemplating your own death. It is more likely that you are considering the life, or death, of another. Do you know somebody in imminent danger of losing their life?"

(reply Quinna)

(posted by Al Muir)



They had both danced around the truth of the matter. Quinna had out right been untruthful, although he could understand her reticence of revealing information about her crew mates to a virtual stranger. He had hoped that they could have played their question game a little longer, firstly for him earn some credibility, and secondly to get closer to the information he needed before revealing his true purpose. He, himself had not been completely open. He could sense Quinna's ... fishing attempts at information about him, but chose to ignore or talk his way around them.

But apparently Quinna had grown weary of the game and had forced the issue. Devalahn had to make a decision. He had to either reveal more or give up on his quest. He sat back in his chair and sighed deeply.

“I do not believe that your question is correct, Dr. Quinna Solice,” Davelah said softly. “It is inaccurate for what you have said yourself. I believe the question is not have you missed anything, but rather have you revealed anything. And to be honest, I am uncertain.”

"I think maybe I should leave," Quinna stated as she reached for her bag.

Davelahn moved quickly, but gently. He put his hand on hers to prevent it from moving and looked into her eyes again. "Please do not leave,"

Quinna sat back in surprise. The look she gave him revealed the course he must take. He could no longer hold the eye contact and looked away.

“I wanted to be certain before I revealed too much,” he began to explain. “I will be completely forthcoming. When I heard that the Illuminar was coming to Vulcan I knew that I had to come. I was already fairly certain of the reason, and my sources confirmed some information, such as a certain Federation doctor looking into events from some time ago. I was 97.8% certain that your Vulcan companion was who she was, but I need to have 100% certainty. I had to see her. I had to be sure.”

He looked back at the doctor and his face held something that most would not expect from a Vulcan. It held anguish. “I learned as much as what you didn’t say as what you did. You have had suspicions about me from the beginning, and I am uncertain where they came from. So let me ask one more question. Then if you wish to leave I will not stop you.”

(reply Solice)

"The girl," he said even more softly, "her name is T'Mur?"

(reply Solice)

He hung his head and nodded, “She was... is... my daughter. I just wanted to see her. It is not very logical, but it is what it is, and logic is not always the path. Most people feel that Vulcans are cold and unfeeling. That is not precise. Vulcans do feel, and when they do they feel it deeply, like the love for their child.”

(reply Solcie)  
(posted by Al Muir

[illegible]

“I learned as much as what you didn’t say as what you did. You have had suspicions about me from the beginning, and I am uncertain where they came from. So let me ask one more question. Then if you wish to leave I will not stop you.”

“Ok” Quinna replied. Something changed as she felt she did not need to have her guard up completely with Davelahn.

"The girl," he said even more softly, "her name is T'Mur?"

Quinna still felt a strong urge to protect her crew but a small nod to confirm his suspicion was appropriate.

He hung his head and nodded, “She was... is... my daughter. I just wanted to see her. It is not very logical, but it is what it is, and logic is not always the path. Most people feel that Vulcans are cold and unfeeling. That is not precise. Vulcans do feel, and when they do they feel it deeply, like the love for their child.”

“I understand where you are coming from. I am no parent, however, I have learned that there is no logic when it comes to children. That goes with any race. With that being said, I still cannot share anything about her with you.”

(reply Davelahn)

“Why did you not talk to your daughter when you saw her? Why go through what we just went through. Last time I checked, there was no stigma for a father to talk to his daughter on Vulcan.” Quinna added. This is when that counseling degree she held came into play.

(Reply Davelahn)  
(Played by Kris)

[illegible]

(Vulcan - ShiKahr- Bazaar-  
Café Donabula- Davelahn – 1216)

"I understand where you are coming from," Quinna said. "I am no parent, however, I have learned that there is no logic when it comes to children. That goes with any race. With that being said, I still cannot share anything about her with you."

Davelahn nodded, “Nor have I asked you to share more than to confirm it was her. I would only assume that she is being treated for ... her condition. I would appreciate knowing the results of her treatment. But even then, I have no rights to know details, or perhaps even have parental rights. We did not know so much about it, and the family shame and dishonor associated with it was more than her mother could bare. I simply... agreed with her in my silence.”

"Why did you not talk to your daughter when you saw her?" Quinna asked. "Why go through what we just went through. Last time I checked, there was no stigma for a father to talk to his daughter on Vulcan."

Davelahn now shook his head and replied, “Perhaps not by your standards, doctor. However the stigma presented by T’Mur’s ... Situation had already cost us greatly. More than you could ever know. But that is not the reason, if I am being honest. Firstly, the opportunity to speak with her alone did not present itself. She was surrounded by her friends when she arrived, and there was no option to approach her without causing a scene. Secondly, I was not certain that she would speak with me. Regret is not an easy sentiment for a Vulcan to express. But I do have regret of how this was for T’Mur.”

(reply Solice)

“As for why I behaved the way that I have,” he went on, “it was my estimation that it was the best way of getting information about her, and about her companions, without causing her any undue stress.”

(reply Solice)

He looked over the table and took a deep breath. “Dr. Quinna, I would like to ask a favor from you. When you see T’Mur could you ask if it were possible for me to meet with her? I will be staying in ShiKahr for the duration of your stay here.”

(reply Quinna)

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

(Vulcan - ShiKahr- Bazaar- Café Donabula- CMO Lt. Quinna Solice – 1220)

“The sad part is that regrets cannot fix the past, but you can learn from them. ” Quinna acknowledged. If it had, her present would be much different now.

“As for why I behaved the way that I have,” he went on, “it was my estimation that it was the best way of getting information about her, and about her companions, without causing her any undue stress.”

“The intentions are there. I do believe your words are backed with sincerity.” Quinna said.

He looked over the table and took a deep breath. “Dr. Quinna, I would like to ask a favor from you. When you see T’Mur could you ask if it were possible for me to meet with her? I will be staying in ShiKahr for the duration of your stay here.”

“When I see her, I can tell her about our meeting. It will be up to her to decide.” Quinna paused.

"I think it is time for me to go back to the hotel," Quinna said as she started to collect her things again.

(Posted by Kris)

“When I see her,” Quinna said, “I can tell her about our meeting. It will be up to her to decide.”

"I think it's time for me to go back to the hotel," Quinna suddenly announced.

(reply Quinna)

[illegible]

The subspace message set Scott's mood back to say the least. He wasn't entirely sure of his feelings, but uneasiness came to mind. The message was dated nearly a month ago so surely things were already set in motion. Star Fleet knew Scott was assigned to the Illuminar and had been aboard for months. ~How could this be?~ he thought. Should he tell his commanding officer? No...his contact outranked most so the assumption was things were already approved or at least known about. He would wait to hear through official channels. That's what the Academy taught him...when in doubt, trust the system.

(Reply none)

[illegible]

(Vulcan- Vulcana Regar-Young T'Mur- Night)



T'Mur felt herself be covered and lifted up. She had been carried through the darkness to a bright light. Then she felt herself being put down on a surface and uncovered. An even brighter light was shined in her eyes. Then she could feel the touch of hands all over her body. It made her tingle and anxious. Surely they hadn't come back to do more harm. Then the world spun, and the light went away. She was left in darkness and oblivion.

She had no idea how much time had passed when she realized that she was in a medical center. The medics at the Regar Medical Center cleaned T'Mur up, and took evidence of the assault. There was no kindness in the act, simply the cold act of doing what needed to be done. Nobody asked how she felt, or even what had happened. It was clear what had happened. It was clear that this young girl would not be able to help identify the culprits. So the logical course was to not ask her questions they knew she couldn't answer and simply treat the wounds. Of course, some wounds could not be treated, and something when taken cannot be given back. And that was all there was to it.

Eventually they were able to get the name of her parents out of the girl and sent them a communication. When her parents arrived T'Mur had no idea what to expect. However, she did not expect what happened next. She watched as her parents spoke with the doctors. There was an exchange of words that she was unable to hear over the ringing in her ears. They looked over at her and stopped talking. Then the conversation began again. Her father shook his head. Her mother seemed... angry was too strong of a word, but emotional was accurate. There appeared to be... an argument going on.

Finally they all came into the treatment room and stood in an uncomfortable silence for 2.6 minutes. The medical staff looked at her with what could only be described as Vulcan concern. Her father looked at her... was that sadness in his gaze? Her mother couldn't even look at her. She threw some of her clothes onto the bed that she had been treated on.

"Get dressed T'Mur," she said, "we shall take our leave of this facility momentarily."

"I must restate my objection," the doctor said. "Your daughter requires treatment. There is evidence that she has been..."

"We understand the nature of her attack," her mother stated coldly. "We will deal with this ourselves."

"But do you understand the dangers?" the doctor continued. "The consequences of the ..."

"Incident?" her mother interrupted the sentence.

"Very well, the incident, could be life threatening," he said trying to get the parents to comprehend the situation. "It WILL get worse. There is a treatment, but we do not have the facilities here. If we could transport her to a better equipped facility..."

"We have already stated our wish," Mother replied. "We WILL take care of it. But we cannot have word of this getting out. It will destroy our business... our lives. Nobody can know."

T'Mur could not even get a word in. To be honest, she had no idea what they were talking about. True, she had been raped, physically and mentally. As unpleasant as that experience had been how could that be more life threatening. She just didn't understand. Suddenly everything went black.

(reply none)

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 11 - Engineering - Engineers Mate Peter Preston - 0900)

Peter was still counting his lucky stars. He drew the USS Illuminar for his first year cruise, in Engineering no less. His first choice. He had stowed his gear in the cabin he was sharing with three other cadets. It was going to be an adventure, applying everything he had learned this year. Equations and schematics danced in his head.

With the eagerness of a greyhound in the slip, he made his way down to Engineering.

As he entered the space, he was struck by the warp core, which dominated the center of the space. As he gawked, he heard someone call out.

"Hey kid. Quit drooling on the floor."

Peter snapped out of it and looked around, "Uh.. Sorry. Engineer's Mate Preston, reporting for duty," he said to no-one in particular.

A couple of the figures looked over at Peter. One of them stood up and smiled, "Hello Engineer's Mate Preston. I'm Geoffries," the man said. "Your first time in the Engineering room of a starship."

He nodded, "Yes, this is my first cruise. I'm very eager to learn."

Another fellow chuckled as he walked over. "Great Preston. That's the attitude we like to hear in Engineering. You ready to get to work?"

"Yes sir," he replied. "Ready, willing and able."

"Perfect. First thing to do is to learn the ship. Where everything is so that when you are sent someplace, you know right where to go. Got it?"

"I memorized the plans of the ship when I got my assignment."

The two men looked at each other and smiled. "Perfect. That's the spirit Preston."

"OK, I need you to go to the shuttlebay. Ask for Buckaroo. He's the

shuttle engineer. Tell him I need my oscillation overthruster back."

"I've not heard of a oscillation overthruster before" Peter said.

"Of course not, Preston. It's a new tool specifically designed for our new engines see. Its part of an experimental matter displacement system we're testing out. If you're lucky, you can get on that project."

"Right away. I'll go get that oscillation overthruster."

Preston turned around and started heading to the door. He was still looking around, not paying any attention to where he was going when he ran into someone or something and took a tumble, head first. He jumped up and turned around. "Sorry," he said.

(Reply - engineer)

(Posted by Tim)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar – Deck 11, Main Engineering - Ensign Scott Matrix- 0911)

Scott entered the corridor and was struck by another crewmember. "Sorry," he said.

“My apologies sir...how can I help you?” Replied Scott.

(Reply Tim)

"Of course...I'm on my way to fix several problems." He replied.

(Reply Tim)

“Here to assist anyway I can.”

(Reply Tim)

(Posted by Steve)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 11 - Main Engineering - Engineer's Mate Peter Preston - 0912)

Peter stood up as the crewman he ran into spoke. "My apologies sir... how can I help you."

Seeing the pips on the man's collar he jumped to attention. "Engineer's Mate Peter Preston, Sir. I'm on my way to get a part from the Shuttlebay."

The Ensign replied "Of course. I'm on my way to fix several problems."

"I really have to run Sir. The engineers made it sound important."

"Here to assist anyway I can," the ensign replied.

Peter nodded and sprinted down the hall, watching where he as going more carefully. He wanted to impress the two who asked him to fetch this oscillation overthruster. With any luck, they would show him what it was for and how to use it properly, or align it, or whatever one did with an overthruster. "

Waiting for the turbolift seemed to take forever. It finally arrived and he got it. "Deck 10," he said.

[illegible]

Turning to the right, he saw the entryway to the shuttlebay. Walking more calmly now, he entered the cavernous space and looked around. Seeing someone over by a shuttle, with a nacelle partially torn apart, he made a beeline there.

"Excuse me, Sir," he said. "Can you tell me please where I can find someone named Buckarro? Engineering sent me to retrieve the oscillation over thruster that he borrowed."

(Reply Figure in shuttlebay)  
(posted by Tim)

[illegible]

John had spent the morning running diagnostics on the transport shuttles. He grumbled a little about how nice it must be to be a senior officer and get to take part in every shore leave made available, while the lowly ensigns stay behind to perform menial tasks that have been done a half a dozen times already. There were few pleasures in the life below decks. However, he knew one pleasure that was about to happen.

He had been half way through the tear down of the port nacelle of the Columbus when he decided it was time for a break. He picked up the canteen and took a long deep drink. That was when the entrance to the bay opened and the youngest engineer he'd ever seen walked in, attempting to cover his obvious difficulty breathing. He smiled at the thought of him running through the halls, and the impatience of the one level ride down the turbo lift. The boy walked over to John.

"Excuse me, Sir," he said. "Can you tell me please where I can find someone named Buckarro? Engineering sent me to retrieve the oscillation over thruster that he borrowed."

Mid drink, John was still amazed by the statement. He coughed and spat out the mouthful of water in a spectacular fountain.

“Who were looking for?” John asked. “Buckaroo? Well you’ve found him my boy.” He slapped the boy on the shoulder. It was a nickname that he had acquired in his youth, and was easier to say than his actual last name.

“What are you looking for?” he asked.

(reply Preston)

"Welllllll...", he began sheepishly. "To be honest I left it in Jeffries Tube 17 Baker on deck 4. You see I'd been using it to remove the carbonate corrosion on some of the isolinear chips in the power couplings. If you need it now, I guess you'll have to go get it from there. It should be right there," he said holding his hand out as if he were a magician.

"I'd go get it myself but I'm on the tail end of this nacelle reconstruction which needs to be done by 1030 hours," he said. "I'd be happy to go get it myself... but I can't do both. If you'd help me with this," he pointed to the deconstructed nacelle, "then I can help you with your task."

He put a friendly hand on his shoulder, “After all, that’s what builds a great team. Helping each other out.”

(reply Preston)

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 10 -Main Shuttlebay - Engineers Mate Peter Preston - 0925)

The man that Preston approached was the fellow he was supposed to be looking for. It seemed that he had startled Ensign Buckaroo, as the man spit out his water.

He was friendly, slapping Preston on the shoulder, "Who were you looking for? Buckaroo? Well you've found him my boy."

"What are you looking for?"

"An oscillation overthrunder, not that I know what it is."

Good thing Buckaroo did, “To be honest I left it in Jeffries Tube 17 Baker on deck 4. You see I’d been using it to remove the carbonate corrosion on some of the isolinear chips in the power couplings. If you need it now, I guess you’ll have to go get it from there. It should be right there. I’d go get it myself but I’m on the tail end of this nacelle reconstruction which needs to be done by 1030 hours,” he said. “I’d be happy to go get it myself... but I can’t do both. If you’d help me with this,” he pointed to the deconstructed nacelle, “then I can help you with your task.”

Real engineering with a real engineer. This was beyond his expectations. He figured he would be doing scut work but here was his opportunity. If he did well, who knows, maybe he'd get to work on more projects. Real engineering.

Buckaroo put a hand on Preston's shoulder. "After all, that's what builds a great team. Helping each other out."

Peter nodded like a bobble head doll. "Yes sir, I would be happy to help you with your work. I'm here to learn everything I can."

He looked at the nacelle, and the pieces around it, mentally naming each of them. "I'm ready sir."

(reply Bigboote)  
(Posted by Tim)

[illegible]

John smiled at the young newest member of the engineering team. He had trouble remembering when he was so green and naïve. He looked veritably happy to do his work for him. Putting the nacelle back together was not a difficult task, and something that any engineering cadet should be able to do almost blindfolded. It was just time consuming and mind numbing work. Unless he was stupid as he was green.

“That’s great,” he said. He handed him a PADD. “If you have any questions the schematics of the nacelle is on this PADD, but someone of your obvious intelligence should have this done in no time. I’m certain that you hold some kind of record in repairing war nacelles from the academy.”

(reply Preston)

He patted the youngster on the cheek and smiled again. "I shall be back as soon as I can." He headed to the exit then turned back. "Look, be a pal. If you finish with this before I get back, could you start tearing down the nacelles on the next shuttle. I'm sure I'll be back before then but the work never ends down here in the "Bay"."

(reply Preston)

He turned back and walked out the doorway shouting back over his shoulder, "One oscillating overdriver on its way."

As the door closed he began laughing, walking towards the mess hall where he was certain there would be somebody waiting for him.

(reply Preston)  
(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

This officer, a fully commissioned officer, was going to let him work on the nacelle. Sure he'd taken them apart and put them back together, but those were practice ones. This was the real deal.

~Wait till I tell Boimier, he's going to be so jealous. I bet he's not getting these opportunities where he is.~

Ensign Buckaroo handed him a PADD. “If you have any questions the schematics of the nacelle is on this PADD, but someone of your obvious intelligence should have this done in no time. I’m certain that you hold some kind of record in repairing warp nacelles from the academy.”

"Well sir, now that you mention it," he began when Buckaroo patted him on the cheek. "I shall be back as soon as I can." He headed to the exit then turned back. "Look, be a pal. If you finish with this before I get back, could you start tearing down the nacelles on the next shuttle. I'm sure I'll be back before then but the work never ends down here in the "Bay"."

Preston watched him go before going over to the Nacelle. Getting down to business, he started by finishing making the connections using the hyper-spanner. Next came adjusting the phase coils. After scanning the system, he began to adjust the coils with the phase coil resonator. When coils were finally zeroed in, he locked them down and continued on his way down the Nacelle.

It was good to be doing some real engineering here. While he worked, he daydreamed about being the chief engineer on a ship. The prestige that carried with that job. He'd show that girl back home that she was wrong about him.

Suddenly an alarm went of, snapping Preston out of his reverie. ~Shit~ he thought, realizing that he connected the ramscoop to the antimatter ods.

He quickly disconnected it and the alarm stopped. ~Damn. Better pay more attention. Heidi can wait till later.~

Over a loudspeaker came a voice. "Be careful down there Bigboote, don't go blowing up my shuttles."

Peter looked confused, he called out, "Its me. Peter Preston, Engineers Mate Sir. Ensign Buckaroo left me to finish this up while he got the oscillation overthruster that he left in Jeffries Tube 17 Baker. "

A man came walking towards him. "You're an Engineers Mate?"

"Yes sir, " he said as he jumped to attention.

"You tell Ensign Buckaroo that Ensign Raid Montero is going to be flying this thing soon and the overthruster better be working. Oh, and while you're at it, clean out the waste reclamation system. Something isn't right with it. It could use a good interior clean as well."

"But sir, Ensign Buckaroo told me to start working on the nacelles on that shuttle," he pointed to a second shuttlecraft.

"Well Engineers Mate, he's not here, and I out rank him, so after you finish prepping this shuttle, you can go work on the other nacelles. I expect white glove treatment."

"Yes sir," Preston said meekly.

"Thataboy."

Preston watched the pilot walk away and sighed. Lots of work today.

(Reply ??)

(Posted by Tim)

The following message was sent to all Starships. Captain and Chief of Security were the recipients.

Star Fleet Security has become aware of a sophisticated operation that has resulted in the theft of several items from the secure storage on Earth Station McKinley.

The perpetrators were able to access several levels of security via a previously unknown bug. This allowed them access to mark items in the archive for destruction. A secondary part of this attack overrode the destination of these items, and instead of being destroyed, were released and shipped to a destination in the Deneb sector. Local security was notified, but the location was destroyed in a fire recently.

Security officials are asked to be on the lookout for any information pertaining to any group claiming the ability to bypass Star Fleet computer security or if information about the possession or sale of the following items:

- The Lassiter prototype energy weapon
- The Varon-T disruptor
- The PKD blaster
- The M41A pulse rifle

While these items represent older technology, each was ahead of its time in development.

Report all information using the priority A-2 security channel.

A patch for the discovered security flaw will be released within the next 48 Earth Standard hours.

[illegible]

(Vulcan - ShiKahr- Nivar Suites– CO- Captain Sekal and Commander Sienna Verin- 1200)

Sekal and Sienna had met for lunch in the dining room of the hotel. It was far above run-of-the-mill on Vulcan though below the standard of most luxury hotels off planet. There were no crystal chandeliers or fine china, the walls appeared rough hewn which was a Vulcan aesthetic and the lighting was subdued. It was very cool however and the chairs comfortable.

The pitcher of water in the center of the table was covered with condensation. The Commander had mentioned wishing to speak with him on a matter over a meal and he had the available time. He planned to retire to his room later and go through the Starfleet records of the being he had met earlier in the morning.



Sienna was running a few minutes late as always. She breezed into the dining room in a sundress with a gauzy caftan on top to protect her fair skin. A woven sunhat that she immediately removed was hung on her chair as she sat. Her hair was in a crown braid to keep her neck cool. She stood across from Sekal at the small table and offered a brave yet nervous smile.

"I apologize for being late, I was visiting with Ensign T'Mur. I played my flute for her for an hour as I promised."

He nodded and motioned to the other chair. "Have a seat Commander. I am in no hurry."

A braver smile as she poured them both a glass of water from the pitcher. "You are not going to give me a lecture about the science that says T'Mur can not hear the music? She did." Sienna was nervous and wanted to get this over with. She was not going to repeat her brother's mistake back on Mars base. The waiter came over and asked for their dressing preferences for the salad appetizer. Sienna chose an Italian vinaigrette. Once he departed, she looked over at her Captain and the person she thought of as a friend.

"I should get right to it. I am sure that the rumors aboard ship have already reached you? Ensign T'Mur and I are forming a relationship. It might be nothing after she is healed. It might just be friendship. It might be a long term relationship. But she matters to me." Sy's nerves were obvious as her hand's shook, splashing the water she was trying to drink onto her hands.

Sekal sat back in the chair and regarded her after ordering a traditional mek'a dressing for himself. His first officer was obviously unsure of herself and soliciting his reaction. Emotionally controlled he might be but he was not heartless, he had spent too much of his youth around other species noting their reactions and interactions. Perhaps this was not what his mother had intended but perhaps it was. He was not aware of her mind on the matter. While he did not partake of the emotional content he understood somewhat. This made him no less Vulcan but in a way perhaps he might be considered more human in a strange, alien way.

"I have heard of it. There is very little that happens aboard his ship ... or hers of which a Captain is unaware. It has long been understood that while a commanding officer should form no romantic relationship with those among his ranks a first officer is not held to the same standard and there are logical reasons for the prohibition." He leaned forward over the table. "It should be noted that should Ensign T'Mur's Kohlinar training be reasserted there is no reason to believe she will not have feelings for you. It is a long held misconception that Vulcans do not have emotions. A misconception that my people have fostered."

A slightly confused look crossed her eyes, "We melded the night before she began her treatment. It was the most intense experience. There are not words to describe it." She looked away for a moment to blink the moisture back from her eyes. "I understand that she is not healed and that her feelings might change. It is something she is worried about. But I think that my friendship has helped her over the last few days to stay more stable. Luma suggested our friendship. I have strict instructions to keep her informed of T'Mur's progress. Luma sent recordings so that there would always be music to help her recover." Sy smiled at the human waiter when he brought their salads. After he had left again, she turned back to Sekal. "Could you elaborate on what you meant a few minutes ago? About it being a

deception? I know Vulcans have feelings, at times I can feel them. I was taught that it was best to ignore them and not tweak the nose of the Vulcan. " A deep blush.

"I did not say anything about a deception." He turned the plate until the salad was set at the correct angle to his eye then looked back up at her. "Kohlinar is about the control of our emotions so that they do not control us. The most stringently practiced have submerged their emotions to such a degree that they do not even consider them. But even among Vulcans there is affection between mates. It is not outwardly evident but in the sharing of minds the bond creates a closeness that can not be denied. The shock of the death of a mate can destroy the living one if not attended to quickly by a healer. Parents have affection for their children and Vulcan children are much like human children until they come of age. What others see is only that which we show outwardly. I would not say that emotion does not exist, I only refuse to allow it to govern me."

She listened as she ate, nodding along to his words. "I am.. worried about forming an attachment. It was not that long ago that I was in constant pain from that one sided broken imzadi bond with Commander Bracken." A deep sigh. She still was not entirely over Lynn and her feelings were complicated. "Not because of being unable to send her on dangerous assignments or because of favoritism. I have given this a lot of thought." She looked back up at Sekal, "May I ask a personal question of my friend?"

He gave a slight nod. "Of course. What is your question?"

"My limited understanding is that Vulcans are bonded to their mates as children. What happened to T'Mur's chosen? And are you so bonded?" She was very curious about so many of the Vulcan customs.

"I am bonded yes. I am unaware of whether she was bonded as a child." He took a bite of the salad.

"Is there any way to find out?" The words slipped out of her mouth. "What is your.. wife? Like?" She was so curious.

"To find out you have but to ask." He cocked his head for a moment in thought. "I was bonded to T'Pren as a child. I remember her face and the touch of her mind. I have seen her since, the last time before I entered the Institute. A human would find her pleasing to the eye I believe. Pon Farr will bring us together at the appointed time. That is the way it has always been."

"I do not believe that T'Mur could handle that experience. " Sienna paused as she finished her salad and it was exchanged for some mushroom and rice dish that was served cool but had a bite to it. "My Father would really enjoy this dish. He likes spicy food." She waited a moment. "Will you be seeing T'Pren while on Vulcan?"

He shrugged his shoulders at the question. "Unknown."

Her fork stopped halfway to her mouth, "Don't you want to visit with her? I am not sure when you will get another chance." Sekal knew that Sienna had been sheltered most of her life and had not left Earth before being assigned to Mars. She did not really understand. .

Sekal gave her a curious look. "For what purpose should I seek her out? She has duties as have I. As I said before we will meet at the appropriate time." He set down the utensil and took a drink of water.

"Vulcan women do not like romance? Flowers, treats, outings? You just meet up for pon farr and then part again? The couples don't stay together?" She dropped her fork with a clatter as she thought for a moment. Maybe this was what she was doing wrong with T'Mur. She was not really aware that the plates were exchanged for a platter of fresh vegetables and fruit for an after meal chat. Absently she asked if they had nuts and cheese and ordered some for herself.

"You do not understand. Once mated Vulcans are mated for life. The full ceremony will be completed at kunut'kalife. In your frame of reference we are betrothed, not yet married. I did not know you were not aware of this."

"I know very little actually. I had some interaction with the Vulcan Ambassadorial staff at parties and dinners, but outside that? No Vulcans at San Fran Prep." A light smile as she nibbled on the cheese.

Sekal took a bite of vegetable and chewed it then swallowed. Another drink of water and he spoke." In some ways my mother's position in the ambassadorial party is advantageous for my father. I am certain it must have entered into his decision to take up the posting on Earth and Mars. It affords him much greater opportunity to see her than before. He has not spoke of it and the concessions he gained upon taking the post were sound. He is a highly logical and clever individual."

Sy grinned in answer. She REALLY liked Saleke. "Yes. Yes he is." She needed to say nothing more and the rest of the snacks were devoured in a companionable comfortable quiet.

(Reply: None)

(Posted by Charles G (Sekal) and Melinda G (Sienna))

[illegible]

(Vulcan - ShiKahr- Bazaar-  
Café Donabula- Davelahn – 1216)

Davelahn  
watched Quinna patiently as she contemplated his offer.

“You know, I could use something light an airy to wear,” she finally said. “I only brought uniforms with me. I did not figure out leaving my room.”

Danevahn nodded thoughtfully then said, “And still you left your room for a purpose other than medical.”

"What do you recommend?" Quinna asked.

Shrugging the Vulcan said, "I suggest that we continue our shopping expedition. I know of shop that has reputable clothes made from light materials, that I am told are pleasing to the eye. We should go there. It is just twenty meters down the corridor."

Quinna nodded and they stood up and walked to place he recommended. It was an open cubicle with a myriad of bright colored materials in baskets at the entrance. Once inside there was the odor of incense and an odd music that was difficult to identify the origin. An older Bajoran woman came out to help them. She showed Quinna a series of garments to see if there was anything that she liked. They were all of a light weight material, that wore well in the Vulcan climate. A couple of the outfits were... quite revealing. Davelahn waited quietly as she tried the outfits on, giving his logical assessment of the clothing as they looked on her. Finally she made a selection and Davelahn was able to negotiate a fantastic deal for the clothes.

After they had finished they continued to walk through the myriad of businesses that were at the bazaar. Some were expected and typical, but there was some that were very exotic and sold items that the purpose was difficult to devine.

"I feel like I could spend my entire stay here and I would not see everything," Quinna commented. She did enjoy the bizarre bazaar.

“Indeed,” Davelahn replied, “that would be a time consuming task. Many of these shops have what is known as “back rooms” where items that are less popular but highly requested, and sometimes illegal, are sold. I would not recommend those places for your first visit. After a few hours Davelahn looked at Quinna who seemed to have reached her shopping limit of stamina.

“Perhaps this is a good time for you to return to your hotel, Quinna,” he suggested. “If you would like I would be happy to escort you through the Bazaar for an evening session. It is definite more exciting, even though it is less safe.”

(reply Quinna)  
(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

Davelahn nodded, "If you insist. However, that would leave me with one further regret. I was unable to help you find a more suitable outfit for the Vulcan climate. I would still be honored to aid you in such a purchase if you would be willing to allow me to accompany you. If not, I would understand."

Quinna thought for a moment. The two had their say and she was sure that they had finished their business. She looked one more time. She had nowhere she needed to be. "You know, I could use something light and airy to wear. I only brought uniforms with me. I did not figure out leaving my room."

(Reply Davelahn)

“What do you recommend?” Quinna asked curiously as to what would be appropriate.

(Reply Davelahn)

"I feel like I could spend my entire stay here and I would not see everything," Quinna commented. She did enjoy the bizarre bazaar.

(Reply Davelahn)

(Posted by Kris)

[illegible]

(Vulcan - ShiKahr- Bazaar- Café Donabula- CMO Lt. Quinna Solice – 1630)

Once Quinna was able to relax her guard, she enjoyed herself and enjoyed talking with Davelahn. She was able to find a few nice pieces of clothing that would allow her to feel more comfortable in the heated environment. At some point, Quinna needed to change her clothing as the added people coming to the Bazaar increased the heat level to a comfortable warm.

“Perhaps this is a good time for you to return to your hotel, Quinna,” he suggested. “If you would like I would be happy to escort you through the Bazaar for an evening session. It is definite more exciting, even though it is less safe.”

“I would like that but I am not completely sure about my schedule for the rest of my stay.” Quinna said followed by a huge yawn. The Bazaar had tired her out.

(Reply Davelahn IYW)

(posted by Kris B)

[illegible]

(Vulcan - ShiKahr- Bazaar-  
Davelahn – 1632)

Davelahn nodded, "That is fine. I will be nearby the Institute. I know, logically, that my presence will not make any difference to T'Mur's treatment, however, I suppose it would be best explained that I would feel better. I am certain that you can find me outside the Institute or inside the Suites. If you do not see me leave a message with the Suites concierge and I will receive it."

(Vulcan - ShiKahr- Nivar Suites-  
Davelahn – 1650)

“Look forward to our next encounter,” Davelahn said. “This one has been... a bit bizarre. Next time, perhaps, it will be a little more of what we both expect. Now that you have more comfortable clothing I imagine our next excursion will not be as uncomfortable. In any sense of the sensation.”

[illegible]

“Computer enter a message to Sekal...” started Scott.

(Posted by Steve)

[illegible]

Sienna found herself walking while she thought. The air had a bite of cold to it this early in the morning. She wore a sundress and a straw hat with ribbons that tied under her chin and soft soled oots on her feet. The day was hot and she was sweating. Where she had grown up in Texas the seasons were hot and dry. Texas however had nothing on the dry heat that was Vulcan. While many of the inside tempretures were easier to handle, it could not be truly comfortable or the people who went back outside would be afflicted with heat related illnesses. That was mostly the off worlders though. Vulcans seemed to tolerate the heat of their home planet much better than the offworlders. They seemed to do everything better, something that frustrated Sienna a lot.

She didn't know why she was walking aimlessly. Her thoughts were swirling around in her head, and the lunch date she had with her Captain the other day was still on her mind. She truly liked T'Mur and wanted to stay in her life. Did it matter that T'Mur was not her Imzadi? It was not something that Betazoids chose, it was something that happened and for the most part it seemed to work out well. It certainly had with her parents. But both her and Trip had lost their respective Imzadi. His to the attack and she to her career. Or rather, her Imzadi's career. Could Lynn even try to understand how badly it still hurt even to see her? Maybe she did. Lynn had certainly avoided her when the two crews were partying after the Bajoran missions at DS9. Then again, Sy had done a great job at avoiding Lynn.

Some part of Sy hoped that Lynn would one day come to her senses and return to her. Fulfill the bond that had been hurting her for so long, the bond that had been broken. Being with T'Mur was different than with Lynn. Sy felt protective of T'Mur in a way she never had with Lynn. Had T'Mur been in their class, would Sy had ever bonded with Lynn?:

Her thoughts turned outwards as she found herself at the Institute again. Her feet took her to the place where her heart wanted to be. Her flute was always with her when she came here, so she could play for T'Mur. In another few days T'Mur would be finishing her treatment and they would see if their fears were founded, or if Sienna had lost another person that mattered to her. She wished that she was more like her Mother, or her older Sister, Skyler. With her heart heavy, Sy headed inside to play for the person who mattered most to her right now.

(posted by Mel)

[illegible][illegible]

The voices of her parents arguing echoed in her head. T'Mur was conflicted between what she had been taught her entire life and her own,,, feelings. She wanted to cry but that would not solve anything.

The doctors words still fresh in the air.

“Pa’Nar syndrome.” She hadn’t even heard of it before. But her initial research showed it to be an ancient disease, that only spread and killed like a plague if left to its own devices.

It was a secret buried so deep in Vulcan literature that there was no direct information source or treatment in open records. All she knew was that she was going to die.

Looking at her shaking hand she knew one other thing. This disease was not just a curse on the inflicted, but also on their family. There was shame associated with it. An unbearable shame that the few records she read showed destroyed the families. Why had this happened to her. It wasn't her fault. She'd been attacked. Now a victim yet again. Her mother's words ringing inner ears.

"If only she would just go away."

And the darkness returned.

From the darkness there came another sound. It wasn't a voice. It was something musical and full of light, but also full of sadness. A high pitched melodious sound, much like a ... flute. Suddenly she could feel warmth and belonging. There was a call to her, a longing from the other side of a void. And for some reason T'Mur felt herself drawn to it. She wanted to go to it, but she could not move. The more she struggled the more she was held to her place. She struggled until the futility became obvious. All she could do is breath and wait. And so she did.

(reply none)

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

(Vulcan - ShiKahr- Nivar Institute - Dr. Felicity Tate - 0830)

Her door opened and one of the healers stepped in. "One hour until reintegration is complete Doctor Tate."

"Thank you Semik." She stood to her feet with a smile. ~It's almost time to put another one into the books.~

She walked out the door with the Vulcan. "Has doctor Solice been notified yet?"

"No doctor though it is logical to assume that she is aware. She has been constantly monitoring the operation."

"Very true." The Captain had spent nearly a week on the planet and checking in daily but had eventually returned to his ship after being satisfied that everything was in order. Commander Verin still visited daily and of course Doctor Solice had made her presence known constantly during the day. Felicity had stopped by several times a day during the week while doing her rounds to check on the doctor and her patient.



T'Mur was sixty minutes away from waking up to her new life.

Dr. Tate and the Vulcan healer stopped outside the office she had assigned to Solice and she tapped the buzzer, waited for the reply then stepped inside.

"Doctor Solice if you would care to come with me we are on the final countdown. I'm sure T'Mur will be happy to see you when she wakes up."

(Reply: Solice)

[illegible]

Quinna had sat in the office for many hours. She was monitoring T'Mur. She worked on her PADD about holistic medicine. She thought that maybe some teas on Vulcan might clear some cloudy moments of thinking. Quinna predicted that there will be moments of uncertainty in the immediate future. She hopes herbal remedies will help. Quinna was still engrossed in her reading when Dr. Tate entered.

"Doctor Solice if you would care to come with me we are on the final countdown. I'm sure T'Mur will be happy to see you when she wakes up."

"I agree that she may be comforted by a familiar face." Quinna then followed Dr. Tate to wait for T'Mur to emerge.

[illegible]

T'Mur blinked her eyes as she felt herself return to consciousness. Her body tingled from the after affects of the stasis fields. Her vision was still a little blurry. She lay still making the universe stop spinning in her head, focusing on the ceiling to get a clear picture of it.

"Good morning Ms. T'Mur. How are you feeling? We are going to keep you under observation for a couple of hours while you get your equilibrium and strength back. Once we are satisfied you will be discharged. Any questions for myself or Doctor Solice?"

The words initially did not make sense. However by the time Dr. Tate had gotten through with “How are you feeling” T’Mur was able to focus on the sounds and put the sentences together.

“Good morning?” T’Mur replied. “How long was I..”

(reply Sekal)

“Really, and I am...”

(reply Tate)

She closed her eyes to monitor her body to find the familiar... inconsistencies of her affliction, not finding them. She opened her eyes and lifted her hands noting that she did not have to concentrate on them to stop the shaking.

"Remarkable," she said calmly. "I seem to be fully in control of myself."

(reply any)

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

(Vulcan - ShiKahr- Nivar Institute - Neural Treatment Suite- Dr. Felicity Tate - 0925)

The two technicians stood by as before and healer Semik was in the room along with her and Doctor Solice.

One of the technicians standing at the console initiated the hydraulics for the table which separated from the floor and fully deployed then locked into position. Felicity had no need to operate the controls at this point, this kind of procedure had been done numerous times by everyone involved.

"Transference 99.8 % complete. 99.9."

She walked the the side of the table upon which T'Mur was now situated. The last seconds threatened to extend into eternity.

"Transference is complete Doctor. Circuitry has powered down."

"Shut down the stasis field."

The prickling gooseflesh caused by close proximity to the stasis field subsided and she activated the medical scanner which she held. It agreed completely with those of the machinery T'Mur had been monitored by.

"Pulse and respiration normal." She removed the sensors at her temples as the patient stirred and opened her eyes. "Good morning Ms. T'Mur. How are you feeling? We are going to keep you under observation for a couple of hours while you get your equilibrium and strength back. Once we are satisfied you will be discharged. Any questions for myself or Doctor Solice?"

(Reply: T'Mur, Solice)

(Posted by Charles G)

[illegible]

(Vulcan - ShiKahr- Nivar Institute - Neural Treatment Suite- CMO Lt. Quinna Solice- 0945)

Quinna made sure that she was out of the way. She surely did not want to be the one to ‘stumble over the cord.’

"Transference 99.8 % complete. 99.9."

what they had been running to... or from. Still, his was not to reason why, if he expected to get paid.

As he was putting the system back together he had discovered a flaw in the system that was limiting the fuel flow to the engine. To correct the flaw it had taken him an extra day. The Nqusican pilot had balked at first but when Bohb explained that the reason they had brought the transport in for work in the first place would return sooner or later if he did not correct it. Plus their system would work with a much greater efficiency, allowing them a 22% increase in power output.

He was down to final adjustments when the small group of Nausicans noisily entered the work area. Bohb looked over to see what the raucous was and shook his head. The lead Nausican walked over to him.

"We need our transport... NOW," he said threateningly.

Bohb was not the least impressed. Nausicans were tough, and acted quite randomly at times, but Bohb had handled far worse in his time.

"As I explained," Bohb said trying not to sound exasperated, "I needed extra time to make the adjustments we discussed. I should be done in... he looked at the chronometer on the wall, "about one hour."

"We no longer have the time you ask. We must leave this world immediately," the Nausican told him.

Bohb sighed, "If I do not complete this upgrade I can have you on your way in ... fifteen minutes. I will require payment now though."

The Nausican did his best estimate of a frown. "Fine."

He threw down the payment on the table and Bohb looked at it.

"That was not the agreed upon amount. I have already spent the time on the upgrade. I need to be recompensed for my time."

"This was the agreed upon sum for the repairs that you were originally contracted for. It is all you will receive."

Bomb's frown was a great deal more expressive than the Nausicans, Very well, but I have warned you."

He picked up the unit he was working , and with a turn of a screwdriver he turned on a cascade fail program he had installed earlier. Oh the ship will go, for approximately two hours. Then it will stall, and will not move until someone who knows what they are doing deactivates the program. He placed the unit inside the control panel and stepped out of the ship.

"There you go," he said, "we are done here."

With that he turned and walked out of the repair stall.

“Don’t you want your payment?” the Nausican called after him.

Bohb shook his head, "Keep it. I'm done."

His next stop was to the Bay Boss. Their conversation was even briefer. Bohb went up to him and handed his tools over. "I quit"

He left the office and then the hub for the final time, with the sound of the Bay Boss calling after him. Bomb's only response was smile. His decision had been made.

(reply none)  
(posted by Al Muir)

>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>DAY 14>>>  
(Vulcan - ShiKahr – Nivar Institute– Patient Room - CMO Lt Quinna Solice – 0830)

Quinna made it back to the institute. She wanted to have time to talk to T'Mur before everyone came in to poke and prod her. She wanted to talk T'Mur before she was released from the Institute. Quinna looked through the observation window. She noticed that T'Mur was awake. She bit her lower lip before she entered the room.

"Good morning," Quinna said as she walked. "How are you feeling today?"

(Reply T'Mur)

“I am not here in an official capacity, but you are looking well calm and rested,” Quinna said. “I was wondering if we could talk.”

(Reply T'Mur)

“While you were under treatment, I met someone. Have you heard of a man named Davelahn?” Quinna asked and was watching for a reaction if there was going to be one.

(Reply T'Mur)

(Posted by Kris)

[illegible]

T'Mur had been sitting up on her bed, cross legged, meditating for the last hour. She had already been exercising, working on the atrophy of her muscles from ten days of inactivity. Now it was time to find her center of concentration. The door of her room opened, and she assumed it was yet another check of her welfare by the medical staff of the Institute.

But instead, the voice of Quinna Solice broke her focus.

“Good morning,” she said. “How are you feeling today?”

T'Mur opened her eyes and looked at Solice with interest. She thought about the question for a moment. She realized that the question was not exactly framed the way that the doctor wanted it answered. She opted to give her the answer which she assumed was the actual meaning of the question.

"I am well," she said confidently. "I seem to have no after effects of the treatment. My body appears to be completely recovered."

Then she noticed that the doctor looked as though that was not what she wanted to talk about.

“I am not here in an official capacity, but you are looking well calm and rested,” Quinna said. “I was wondering if we could talk.”

Uncertain of the subject of the conversation made T'Mur hesitate. Then she remembered that Quinna was also... her friend. So she nodded and said, "Of course. Say what you have to day."

## Quinna

T'Mur raised an eyebrow and cocked her head to the side, "Indeed. Interesting. And how did you come to meet this man? No, that is not important. I assume that he told you who he was?"

"Davelahn is not a common name, even on Vulcan," she said looking into the distance. "My father."

A chorus of words echoed in her brain. The words were not his, they were her mother's. What he offered was a silent acceptance of her blame and accusations. The words that drove her from her home, and from her world. She couldn't help it. A single tear rolled down from her eye. She blinked hard to hold the rest in.

(reply Quinna)

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

T'Mur raised an eyebrow and cocked her head to the side, "Indeed. Interesting. And how did you come to meet this man? No, that is not important. I assume that he told you who he was?"

“He did but I was not 100% sure of his claims, but I gave him the benefit of the doubt.” Quinna said.





"He said he wanted to see you, however, I told him that it was your decision and I would not intervene. My response was to protect you." Quinna said.

T'Mur reached out and touched Quinna on the cheek. "You are a good friend Quinna. We will be leaving Vulcan soon. If I am to see him it will need be soon. I am assuming that you have seen him more than once? And that you have the opportunity to see him today?"

(reply Quinna)

"Then give him this message," T'Mur said spinning her legs off the bed and standing up. "Tell him that I will see him this afternoon. I predict that I will be released before lunch, within the next two hours. I will meet him meet him, but I have no idea what I want to say to him."

(reply Quinna)

"Did you see my mother as well?" T'Mur asked.

(reply Quinna)

(posted by Al Muir)

-----END TRANSMISSION-----